By STANLEY J. WEYMAN, Anthor of 'A Gentleman of France," " The

House of the Wolf." &c. Courtple, 1554, by Stanley J. Woman,

CHAPTER VI.

BUPERT THE GREAT. I have known a man, very strong and very confident, whom the muzzle of a loaded pistol, set fairly against his head, has reduced to reason marvellously. So it fared with Heritzburg on this occasion. My lady's cannon, which I went up to the roof at daybreak to see-and did see, to my great astonishment, trained one on the Market square and one down the High street-formed the pistol, under the ecoling influence of which the town had so far come to its senses that the game was now in my lady's hands. Peter assured me that the place was in a panic, that the Counters could hardly ask any amends that would not be made, and that, as a preliminary, the Burgomaster and Minister were to go to the eastle before noon to sue for pardon. He suggested that I and the girl should accompany them.

When the plan was broached to the girl, she

did not speak, but stood before us silent and confused. Then she pointed to Steve. When to he going up, if you please?" she

saxed, in a troubled voice. He must go in a litter by the road," I answared. "Peter here will see to it this Could I not go with him ?" she asked.

I see no reason why you should not, if you prefer it," I said. "Either way you will b quite safe." 'I should prefer it," she muttered in a low

I looked at Peter and he at me. He nodded.

for Steve, and we saw her no more. Drunken Stave is in luck." Peter said, look-

that later in the day. At the last moment, when I was about to leave the house to go up to the castle my way, and Steve and his party were on the point of starting by the west gate and the road, something happened which gave both of us a kind of shock, though neither said a word to the other. Marie had brought down the littie boy, a brave-eyed, fair-haired child about 3 years old, and was standing with us in the forge with the child clinging to her skirts. when on a sudden she turned to l'eter and be-

on the shoulder. "It was little enough and I am glad I did it. No thanks." She answered between her sobs that it was beyond thanks, and called on heaven to re-

'If I had anything." she continued, looking at him timidly, "if I had anything I could give you to prove my gratitude, I would so giadly

is not a thing I use."

semed to shine out of wet human eyes, they shone out of hers then.

Bavarian, the daughter of a roistering, free booting rider, versed in camp life. If, with a her, what then? I had no need to trouble my innocence of the child's face haunted and perplexed me, and would not leave me, though I tried to think of other things and had other

I was to meet the Burgomaster in the mar ket place and go thence with him. I made for the opening into the High street, and the Burgomaster, coming down from the steps. passed through the crowd and met me there. This is a bad business, Master Martin,

he said, meeting me with an odd mixture of shamefacedness and bravado. "We must do

Minister's face looking flushed and angry and aspiteful as a cat's. A single man on guard at the wicket alone appeared. He bade us stand, and passed the word to another. He in his turn disappeared, and presently old Jacob, with a half-pikeon his shoulder and a couple of men at his back, came stiffly out to receive us with all the formality and discipline of a garrison in time of war. He acknowledged my presence by a wink, but sainted my companions in the coldest manner, proceeding at once to march us, without a word spoken, to the door of the house, where we were again bldden to stand.

All this illied me with satisfaction. I knew what effect it would have on Hofman, and how it would send his soul into his shoes. At the same time my satisfaction was not unmixed. I felt a degree of strangoness myself. The place seemed changed.

Not that his first words to me were not words of a lindness.

Ha! Martin," he cried, his face lighting up.
I hear you fought like an ancient Troian, and broke as many heads as Hector. And that your own proved too hard for them. Welcome back. In a moment I may want a word with you, but you must wait."

"The Countees Rotha, Master Burgomaster," he continued, with grim anavity, much as she desires to treat your office with respect, casnet but discorn between the innocent and the guilty."

The guilty? My lord!" Hofman cried, in

offend again, four of the principal ocenters in the late riot."

"My lord!" the Mayor cried, aghast.

"My lord if you please," the Waldgrave an-swered, celdir. "But do you consent?"

Hofman looked blanker than ever.

"Four," he stammered.

"Precisely; four," the young lord answered.

"But who? I do not know them," the Mayor

faltered.

The Waldgrave shook his head gently.

"That is your concern. Burgomanter." he hald, with a smile. "In forty-eight hours much may be done."

Hofman's hair stood on sud. The thought of may be done."

Hofman's hair stood on snd. The thought of the crowd in the market place, the thought of the reception he would have if he assented to such terms, gave him courage.

I will consult my colleagues," he said at last, with a great gulp.

I son afraid that you will not have the opportunity," the Waldgrave rejoined, in a peculiarly suave tone. Until the four-are given unto us, we prefer to take care of you and the learned Minister. I see you have brought two

or three friends with you. They will serve to convey what has passed to the town. And I doubt not that within a few hours we shall be able to release you."

Master Hefman fell a trembling.

"My lord." he oried, between tears and rage, "my privileges!"

"Haster Mayor," the Waldgrave answered, with a suddon smap and sparl, which showed his strong white teeth, "my dead segmans."

The Burgomaster shrank back with a white face, and though Dietz, with rage burning in his sallow checks, cried, "We to him who separated the shepherd from the sheep," and would have added half a dozen like texts, old Jacob cut him short by dropping his haiberd on his toes and promptly removing him and the quavering Burgomaster to strong quarters in the tower. Meanwhile the other members of the party were marched, nothing loath, to the steps, and despatched through the gate with the same formality which had surprised us on our arrival.

Then for a few moments I was happy, in spite of doubts and forebodings, for the moment the room was eleared of servants my lady came down from her place, and, with tears in hereyes, laid her hand on my rough shoulder and thanked me, eaying such things to me, and so sweetly, that, though many a silken fool has laughed at me as little better than a clown for knowing no knee service. I kneit there and thon before her, and rose tenfold more her servant than before.

"Well, well." the Waldgrave said, with a comical laugh, and I saw my lady blush, "these are fine doings. But next time you go to battle, Martin, remember, more haste, less speed. Where would you have been now. I should like to know, without my cannon?"

"Farhaps still in Feter's forge, "I answered bluntis." But that purzies me less, my lord, I continued, "than where you found your cannon."

He laughed in high good humor.

I continued, than where you found your cannon."

He laughed in high good humor.

"Be you are hit, you are? I warrant you thought we could do nothing without you. But the cannon, where do you think we did find them? You should know your own house."

"I know of none here." I answered slowly.

"except the old cracked pieces the Landgrave Philip left."

Well? And what if these be they?" he retorted, smiling.

Philip left."

Well? And what if these be they?" he retorted, smilling.

"But they are eracked and foundered." I cried warmly. "You could no more fige powder in them, my lord, than in the Countess's comit box!"

"But if you do not want to burn powder?" he replied. "If the sight of the muzzles be enough? What then, Master Wiseacre?"

"Why, then, my lord, I answered, dryly, after a pause of astonishment, "I think the game is a risky one."

"Chut, you are realous!" he said, laughing. "And should be slared very moderately."

"Chut," he said again, "you are realous! Is he not, Roths? He is realous."

My lady looked at me laughing.

"I think he is a little," she said. "You must acknowledge, Martin, she continued, pleasantly, that the Waldsrave has managed very well."

I must have assented, however loath; but he saved me the trouble. He did not want to hear my opinion.

saved me the trouble. He did not want to be my opinion.

My opinion.

Yery well?" he exclaimed, with a laugh of pleasure: "I should think I have. Why, I have so brightened up your old serving men that they make quite a folerable garrison—mount gaurd, relieve, give the word and all like so many Swedes. Oh, I can tell you a little briskness and a few new fashlons do no harm. But now." he continued, complacently, "since you are so clever, my friend, where is the risk?"

narm. But now." he continued, complacently, "since you are so clever, my friend, where is the risk?"

"If it becomes known in the town." I said, "that the cannon are dummies—"

"It is not known." he answered.

"Still, under the circumstances." I persisted.

"Still, under the circumstances." I persisted.

"I should with aubmission have imposed terms less stringent. Especially I should not have detained Master Hofman, my lord, who is a timid man, making for peace. He has influence. Shut up here he cannot use it."

"But our terms will show that we are not afraid," the Waldgrave answered, carelessly, and that is everything."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Chut'l he said, half in sancyance and half in good humor." Depend upon it, there is nothing like putting a bold face on things. That is my policy. But the truth is, you are jealous, my friend—jealous of my excellent generalship; but for which I verily believe you would be decorating a gallows in the market place at this moment. Come, fair cousin, he added, gleefully, turning from me and snatching up my lady's gloves and handing them to her. Let us out. Let us go and look down at our conquest, and leave this green-eyed fellow to rub his bruises."

My lady looked at me kindly and laughed. Still she assented, and my chance was gone. I turned and saw Fraulein Anna gilding in. She did not speak at once, but came toward me as also had a way of coming—close up before she spoke. It had more than once disturbed me. It did so now.

"Well, Master Martin," she said at last, in

spoke. It had more than once disturbed me. It did so now.

"Well, Master Martin," she said at last, in her mild, spiteful tone, "I hope you are satisfied with your work; I hope my lord's service may suit you as well as my lady's."

CHAPTER VII.

But I am not going to relate the talk we had. Fraulein Anna and I. I learned one thing. Listening to Fraulein Anna's biting hints and sidelong speeches—she did not spare them—I recognized that I was jealous; that the ascendancy the young lord had gained with my lady and in the castle did not please me, and that if I would not make a fool of myself and step out of my place I must take myself roundly to task. A message from my lady, bidding me rest my head and do nothing for the day, comforted me somewhat. I went out and linding the terrace quiet and deserted by all except the sentry at the wicket, I sat down on one of the stone seats which overlook the town and began to think. The sun was behind a cloud and the air was fresh and cool, and I presently fell asleep with my head on my arms.

While I slept my lady and the Waldgrave came and began to walk up and down the terrace, and gradually little bits of their talk slid into my dreams, until I found myself listening to them between sleeping and waking. The Waldgrave was doing most of the speaking. in the boylsh, confident tone which suited him. THE PRIDE OF YOUTH.

I heard her laugh.
"You speak as if you had been a soldier for

the boylsh, confident tone which suited him.
I heard her laugh.
"You speak as if you had been a soldier for a score of years, liupert," she said.
"Age is not experience," he answered hardily: "that is the mistake. How old was Alexander when he conquered Egypt? Twenty-three, cousin, and I am twenty-three, How ohi was the Emperor Augustus when he became consul of Rome? Ninsteen. How old was Henry of England when he conquered France? Twenty-tree?

"Seeptres are easy leading-staves," my lady answered defity. All these were kings or the like."

"Then take Don John at Lepanto. He was but twenty-five."

as "A king's son." my lady replied quickly.
"Then I will give you Gaston de Foix. How old was he when he died, leaving a name never to be forgetten in arms? I wenty-three, fair cousin. And I am twenty-three."

But then you are not Gaston de Foix," my lady retorted, laughter bubbling to her lips; nor a king's neshew."
"But I may be."
"What! A king's nephew?" the Countess answered laughing outright. "Pray where is the king's niece?" he exclaimed reproachfully, and I doubt not with a kind look at her, and a movement as if he would have paid her for her sauciness. "You know I want no king's niece. There is no king's niece in the world so sweet to my taste, so fair, or so gracious as the lady I have been fortunate enough to serve during the last few days; and that I will maintain against the world."

So here is my glove!" my lady answered garly, finishing the speech for him. "Very prettily said Rupert. I make you a though I think she would have listened without discussed to many the same of the more."

He heeded no second bidding, though I think she would have listened without discussed the month.

prettily said. Rupert. I make you a thousand courtesies. But a true to compliments. Tell me more. He had no second bidding, though I think she would have listened without displeasure to another pretty speech, and an older man would have made one. But he was full of the future and fame; and himself. They moved out of hearing, crossing to the other side of the court and beginning to walk up and down there and I heard no more. But I had heard enough to enable me to arrive at two or three conclusions. For one thing I felt pealous no longer. My lady's tone when she spoke to the Waldgrave convinced me that, whatever the future might bring forth, she regarded him in the present with liking, and some pride, perhaps, but with no love worthy of the name. I was gind to be sure of this, because I discerned something lacking on his side. It was "lotha," sweet cousin, "fair cousin," too soon with him. He felt no reverence suffered no pangs, trembled under no misgivings, sunk under no sense of unworthiness. A little difficulty, a little doubt, the appearance of a rival, might awaken real love. But it was not in him now.

I saw Fraulein Anna come out presently and go sidling along one side of the cought og ain another door. My lady called to her peasantly to come rack.

What have you been doing, Anna?" my lady asked kindly.

I have been reading the Praise of Folly, Fraulein Max answered primir. I am going to my vocitus now."

It is such a fine day." my lady pleaded.

The Waldgrave looked at her quirzieally, with scarcely veiled contempt.

Vocitus "he said. What is it? You excite my curronity."

Perhaps it was the contrast between them, between his strength and comelines and her

Voctius" he said. "What is it? You ex-cite my curiosity."
Forhaps it was the contrast between them, between his strength and comeliness and her weak figure and pair, frowning face that moved me; but as he said that I felt a sudden pity for her.

moved me: but as he said that I felt a sudden pity for her.

Perhaps my lady felt as I did, for she came to the rescue. You are too bad," she said. Fraulein Anna is my friend and I will not have her teased. As for voetius he is a writer of learning, and you would know more about many things II you could read his works, sk."

Do you read them " he asked hardily.
"I do!" she answered blushing brightly.
"I do a start in the starting at her and affecting to be astonished. Well, all I can say is that you do not look like it."
My iady lired up at last. I think she felt for her friend, "I do not thank you." she said sharply. A truce to such sompliment, if you please. Anna, "she continued, have you been to see this peor girl from the town?"

Ne. I have not." Fraulein Max answered with a snap.

"She has come, has she not?" my lady asted.

"And grone. I believe, to the stables!" And Francis Anna laughed. "She is used to camp life. I suppose, and prefers them."

"But that is not right," my lady said, leoking annoved. "We will go and sea."

The stable court at Heritabura is small. The rays of the sun even at noon scarcely warm it, and a shadow seemed to fail on our party as we entered it. Two grooms, not on guard, were going about their ordinary duties. They started on eseing my lady, who seldom entered that part without notice, and hastened to do reverence to her. One led the way up a flight of outside stess which gave access to the upper granary floor, and my lady followed, rejecting the Waldgrave's hand and gazing with an unmoved eyeat the unfenced edge on her left, for the stairs had no rail.

"This is not a fit place for a maiden!" I heard my lady any severely: and then she stopped. The loft was dark, the unglazed windows being shuttered: but my eyes are good, and I knew the place, and saw at once—what my lady had seen, I think, at a second giance only—that the man beside whom the girl was kneeling—or had been kneeling. for as I entered she rose to be feet with a word of alarm—was bandaged from his chia to his arm, was helpless and mundering, taking strang on masters, and rolling his head knight of surprise. "Who is this?" as continued, pointing to the man who never ceased to babble and move.

"It is Neve my lady." I said. "He was hurt below in the town, and the girl has been nursing him. I suppose she—I think no one told her to go elsewhere," I added by way of apoliting to the man who never ceased to babble and move, and the girl has been nursing him. I suppose she—I think no one told her to go elsewhere," I added by way of apoliting to the man who never ceased to babble and move.

"It is Neve my lady." I said. "He was hurt below in the town, and the girl has been nursing him. I suppose she—I think no one told her to go elsewhere," I added by way of apoliting him had not been supposed. "The girl ha

of the steps, when the Waidgrave offered her his hand, she moved it off and stood.

Bring me a hammer and a nail," she cried, in a clear voice.

Three or four men, nearly half our garrison, had collected below, hearing where we were. One of these ran and fetched what she called for, while we all waited and wondered what she meant. I took the hammer and nail from the man and went up again with them.

Give me my glove, she said, turning abruptly to the Waidgrave.

He had possessed himself of one in the course of the conversation I had detailed, and no doubt he did not give it up willingly.

Hold it against the door," she said.

He obeyed, and with her own hands she drove the nail through the glove, pinning it to the middle of the door. Then she turned with a little color in her face.

That is my room: she said, with menace in her tone. Let no one presume to enter it, and have a care, men! Whatever is wanted inside, place at the threshold and begone. Then she came down, followed by the Waldgrave, and waiked through the middle of us and went back to the terrace, with Fraulein Anna at her heels. The Waidgrave lingered a moment to look at a sick horse, and I to give an order. When we reached the terrace court a few minutes later we found my lady waiking up and down alone in the sunshine.

Where is the learned Anna? my lord said, well, I think she is a little realous, my lady answered with a smile. We have been seeiong colloquing with a Fapist Anna thinks some amends are due to the Church. And she is gone to make them. At any rate she asked me a low minutes ago if she might pay a visit to Dietz. For what? I said. To discuss a point with bim, she answered. So I told her to go if she liked, and by this time I don't doubt they are hard at it."

"Over Vostius!" my lord said, laughing.

"Heza, more probably, or Calvin. You know little of eithers I do not wonder that Anna is driven to seek more improving company."

CHAPTER VIII.

All that day no message renched us from the town. When morning came without bringing any overture, the Waldgrave laughed, but my lady looked grave. I did not dare to interfere or give advice, having been once admitted to say my say, but I feit that it would be a serious thing if the ferty-eight hours elapsed and the town refused to make amends. My lady feit this, too, I think: and by and by she held a council with the Waldgrave; and about midday my lord come to me and, with a somewhat wry face, hade me have the prisoners conducted to the parior. I cannot say what passed. I believe that my lady dealt with the two very firmly, reiterating her judgment of the day before, and only adding that in clemency she had thought better of imprisoning them, and would suffer them to go to their homes, in the hope that they would use their influence to save the town from worse trouble. A CATASTROPHE. the hope that they would use their influence to save the town from worse trouble.

I met the two crossing the terrace on their way to the gate. Master Hofman was all of a tremble with excitement and engeness to be gone. His fat half-moon of a face shone with anxiety. The little minister, on the other hand, bung back and marched slowly, his face wearing a look of triumph which showed very plainty-or so I construed it—that he regarded his release in the light of a victory. His sallow checks were flushed and his eyes gleamed spitefully as he looked from side to side. He held himself upright with a lible clasped to his breast and as he passed me he could not refrain from a characteristic outbreak.

The men shout me laughed: but I had rea-

The men about me laughed; but I had reason for thinking it far from a laughing matter, and I hastened into the house that I might tell my lady. When I entered the parior, however, where I found her with the Waldgrave were and Fraulein Anna, ahe held up her hand to check me. She and the Waldgrave were laughing, and Fraulein Anna, half shy and half salien, was leaning against the table looking at the floor with her checks red. "Come," my lady said, "you were with him half an hour, Anna. You can surely tell us what you talked about."

"We talked of yoctius."

"He does not. He said he considered such pagan learning useless," Fraulein Anna continued rapidly, warming with her subject. "I said he only saw one side and that he might be wrong in this, as in other matters, He asked me what other matters, Fraulein Max continued, growing voluble and almost confident, as she reviewed the scene. "I said, the interiority of women to men. He said wrong to "Fraulein Anna laughed and almost confident, as she reviewed the scene." I said, the interiority of women to men. He said wrong so"—Praulein Anna laughed a seased wrong. So"—Praulein Anna laughed a seased wrong the seased wrong so were afraid of our cannon. Granted? Yes. Well, our that—"

But what Master Dietz said or that, and what she answered we never knew, for the Waldgrave bounded from the table with a crash which shouk the room, and swore a pagan oath. My lord soon recovered his spirits. In an hour or two he was as buoyant and cheerful as before, dividing the blame of the centretemps between Fraulein Anna and mwelf, and hinting if he had been left to manage the matter the guilty would have suffered, and Dietz not gone scot fra. But I trembled. I did not see how we sould be aurprised. Yet, when the stern swell of one of Luther's hymns rose from the town at sunset, and i ramembered how saily mou's hearts were inlamned by those strains; again, when a h

His fellows stood a moment in terror locking atter him. but the sentry who had warred me fired through the other loophole, and that started them. They flung down their tools and bolted like so many rabbits.

I turned round and found the Waldgrave at my elbow. "Well done!" he said heartily. "That will teach the rancals a lesson!" I was trembling in every limb with excitement, but before I answered him I handed my gut to one of the men who had followed me "lood." I said, "and if a man comes ment the bridge shoot him down. Keep yent eye on the bridge, and do nething else until I come back."

Then I walked away through the stable court with the Waldgrave, who looked at me curiously. You were cold your in time." he said. "Only just." I muttered.

"There is enough left for a borse to cross." I san wered, to day." he seed still looking at me. He was cally? "I muttered.

"Because the rest will be blown up to-night." I answered bluntly. "Or may be. How can we guard it in the dark? I fit is my lord? We are provisioned for a week. It is not autumn, you see. Then the pickle tube would be full, the larder stocked, the rafters groaning, the still room supplied. But it is May, and there is little left. The last three days we have been thinking of other things than provisions; and we ware thirty mouths to jeed."

The Waldgraye's face fell. I had not thought of that, he said. The bridge gone, they may a scape there would be none.

"What do you advise?" he asked, drawing me saide with a flustered air. Flight?"

"Into submission to whatever terms they please, my lord." I answered. "We are too few to cut our way through the town. Other way of scape there would be none."

"I shall say nothing to Ber shoult; he answered. "We are too few to cut our way through the town. Other way of scape there would be none."

"I do not think my lady would consent to pape," I said.

"I'le not think my lady would consent to pape," I said.

"I'le not think my lady would consent to pape," I said through. "Hy lady must know all." I said, and decide for

"Soon after dark this evening." I answered.
"if my lady pleases."

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER IX.

WALNUTS OF GOLD.

The night was dark. At a distance the dim lights of the town did not show. Before we reached the ford, which lies nearly eight miles from the castle, the Waldgrave, who had his place beside my lady, began to taik, and then, if not before, I knew that his love for her was a poor thing. For, being in high spirits at the success of eur plan—which he had come to consider his plan—and delighted to find himself again in the saddle with an adventure before him, he forgot that the matter must wear a different aspect in her eyes. He taked on planning and proposing; and where a true lover would have been quick to divine the woman's weakness, he felt no misgiving, no sympathy. Then I knew he lacked the subtle instinct which real love creates, which toaches the strong what it is the feeble dread, and gives a woman the daring of a man.

As we drew near the ford I dropped back to see that all crossed safely. This brought me abreast of the Catholic girl, though the darkness was such that I recognized her only by the dark mass before her which I knew to be the chold. We had had some difficulty in separating her from Steve, and persuading her that the man ran no risk where he lay; otherwise she had behaved admirably. I did not speak to her, but when I saw the gleam of water before us, and heard the horses of the leaders begin to splash through the shallows. I leaned over and took hold of the boy.

"You had better give him to me," I said gruffly. "You will have both hands free then, keep your feet high and hold by the pommel. If your horse begins to swim let it loose." As I held the boy before me: It was a gallant little thing, and clung to me without cry or word, I felt something roughfround its neck. At the moment I was deep in the water, and I had no hand to spare. But by-and-by, as we rode out and began to clamber up the further bank, and were riding slowly along the right-hand side of the river, when I heard her on a sudden give a little gasp. I knew in a moment what it was. She had bethought

She did not answer anything, but it heard her brains for some excuse to get the child from me. For what if davlight came and I still rode full it the necklare in full view of the control of the control

(To be continued)

SHAPELY HANDS AND BEET,

All Modern Women, Sarah Bernhardt Put the Best Poet Percencet When Sarony Photographed Her as Leah-Impress of Human Character Shown in the Human Hand and Poet-Process of Making a Cast,

If certain critics who admire feminine beauty from an art standpoint are not mistaken. society will before many months have a full blown new "fad," and women who have handsome hands and dainty feet or shell-like ears and classic noses will have an opportunity to secure lasting reproductions of these elements of beauty without being thought either eccontric or inordinately vain. That this will happen in all probability is proven by the increas-ing habit of comely women in this and other cities of ordering sculptors tto make easts of their hands and feet. In certain cases casts

have also been made of ears and noses. The posing of a finely moulded hand or foot before the camera of the fashionable photographer has not been an uncommon whim during the last two or three years, especially with actresses, but recently the fair owners of these sightly members have yielded to the plea of the art lovers to secure something that would do more justice to their anatomical beauty than a mere photograph, and sculptors have been appealed to to reproduce hands and feet in plaster. It was recently reported that Mr. August Lindstrom, a sculptor who exhibited a bust of Erlesson at the World's Fair, had become a specialist in this work of making casts. It was recorded that it had be-



SARONY'S BERNHARDT AS LEAH. come a "fad" among the women in and near Chicago. A correspondent has published this note of the interesting fact:

One of the latest fads of rich women is to have a cast made of the hand, the ear, the nose, or the foot, as the made of the hand, the ear, the nose, or the foot, as the case may be, of course each selecting the particular feature which will best repay immortalizing. The hand is the member which receives the most universal aptice. A beautifully posed white plaster hand, rest-ing on a velvet drapery, has a place in more than one of the most fashiousbie boudeirs in this city.

"The modelling of hands and feet of beauti ful women," said Napoleon Sarony, "has not yet reached in New York what people call a social fad, but it is a great pity that it hasn't. A woman who possesses a classic hand or foot ought to have its beautiful contour preserved in a cast, and if there was as much genuine knowledge of art in this community as there ought to be, such casts would be made, and women could have the last preserved as an ornament for the boudoir without being subsected to any criticism whatever."

It happened by odd coincidence that while Mr. Sarony expressed this sentiment with a great amount of ardor he was busy with a charcoal crayon affixing a most shapely foot to a study of a nude female figure, in a graceful reclining pose, for exhibition at the Sal-

magondi Club,
"Of course," he added, "the hand is the member that receives most attention in these cases, because there is some diffidence on the part of ladies to submit their feet to the procause there is nothing in pure art or morals to

cess of having them moulded in plaster .. But after all that is a nonsensical diffidence, beprohibit the exhibition of a classic foot in a east as freely as a well-formed hand. There cast as freely as a well-formed hand. There is one drawback, however, in the case of the fort that is an objection from an art view point, and that arises from the use by women of modern fashionable shoes. These footgear invariably destroy the classic form of the foot by crushing the great tee against the first short toe and producing thereby a mal-



formation that is distressing to the sculptor's eye. In the foot of pure classic mould the great too is always separated from the small toe. You will notice it at once if you study any of the ancient statuary."

"Have you ever turned the camera upon such a foot?" was asked.

"Oh. yes." replied the artist, "and the very best specimen I have ever secured was the foot of Mma. Sara Hernhardt. I have said that her foot is the nearest approach to the pure classic mould that I had seen in any modern woman. I remember well the episode of photographing it. The great actrees came to me costumed as Leth to be photographed. Of course she represented Leth barefooted, and to do it she wors a pair of what on the stage are called gloved stockings. They had for the toes what would correspond to the fingers of a glove.

"Oh, madam, I said to her, 'that's not art. THE IDEAL HAND.

course she represented Leak barefooted and to do it she wors a pair of what on the stage are called gloved' stockings. They had for the toes what would correspond to the fingers of a glove.

"Oh, madam," I said to her, 'that's not art. Let us have the bared foot.

"The actress smiled and removed the stocking. I notived that the French shoes sho is accustomed to wear had slightly though permanently misshaped an otherwise perfect foot by pressing the great toe against the other toes. I took a bank note from my pocket, crushed it into a bail, and wedged it between the great toe and the first small one, and separated the toes as they ought to be. The photographic reproduction showed a perfect foot, for the greenback wedge between the toes was cast into shadow and could not be detected. That photograph excited considerable favorable comment in art circles, and since then women who were not on the stage have submitted their feet to similar treatment before the camera. I say sincerely that the result has been something in each case that no art circles ould object to on the score of beauty."

In a cossy studio on the edge of fashionable Washington square the reporter found Theodore liaur smoking a pipe contentedly, with casts of feet and hands and heads, and legs, too, hung all about him on the studio walls. He was in a cheerful mood.

"Yes," he said. "I have made and still make at intervals by order, casts of hands and feet of reputable women, other than artists' models. Most of these casts are of hands and feet of reputable women, other than artists models. Most of these casts are of hands and feet of reputable women, other than artists point of view as there is in a handsome face. If the face has the charm of expression, the hands and feet have the impress of character to recommend them to the admiration of both sares.

Mr. Baur was quite as enthusiastic as was Sarony in his comment on the Hernhardt foot. He too, had seen the foot and the photograph of it. As an example of perfect form in the femilian hands and see

great care. The hand or foot is first thoroughly eiled and rested upon a table or a block upon which a piece of soft cloth has been thrown. Plaster is mixed in a quart of water. The plaster is powdered and apriakled in until the mixture is of the consistency of thin dough. It is allowed to stand for a minute or two and then stirred up. It is then poured over the hand or the foot, as the case may be equally, until it is a half an inch in thickness. A little red other in added to the mixture to impart coloring. It is allowed to harden and then care-



THE PERFECT POOT.

fully lifted off from the hand or foot. This plaster is called a 'waste mould'. To make the cast, this hardened mould is put in water for about ten minutes, and then soap is applied to it. After that, some fresh plaster is mixed to a consistency that will permit it to be easily poured into the mould. When the mould is filled, it is allowed to stand for half an hour until it hardens; then, with a chisel and a mallet, the original waste mould is chipped off with the utmost care, and the perfect cast is secured. If this process is performed, as a trained sculptor knows well how to do it, every characteristic of the anatomical member of which the cast has been taken will be reproduced with absolute fidelity, and it will be something that the owner can and should treasure. If it be put in a glass case, upon a velvet background to set it off well, surely none but a dunce would criticise such an exhibition of it."

A STRANGE ILLUMINATION.

It Was a Scandinavian Seew Lamp the Made the Picture of Beauty in the York, "At the house of a friend on West Ninetythird street on the day following our recent heavy snow storm," said a west side dweller, "we were called from our after-dinner game of whist to come to the rear of the house. The summons, proceeding unmistakably from the small but potent lungs of Harvey, the sixyear-old selon of the house, caused us to go to the back parlor windows in haste to see what inventiveness of mischief had seized that lively youngster at such an hour.

"Our first thought was that he had go snowbound in the great drift in the back vard that had been his wonder and play place throughout the day. Winter, you know, pro sents a more genuine aspect in New York city in that spacious and architecturally beautiful quarter west of Central Park than in the lower part of the town. The wide-open or wooded area of the great l'ark on one side and the North River on the other, the rise of the land and its distance from the harbor fogs, all serve to make the air perceptibly cooler and clearer than below Fifty-night street This may be noticed in traveling upon the up-town roads, but it is especially obvious at the time when snow flies or whitens the ground. Thus it often happens that while those down-to wn streets which have not been cleaned are beds of dingy slush, in the region between Biverside Drive and the Park, except in much-travelled routes, snow, clear and white, sheets the ground or lies piled in drifts, to the vast delight of the youngsters, who riot in their depths and make the most of them while they last.

Harvey was in no trouble this time, but was in high give over a sight that for the moment took us shock with its heavy and the rook us abook with its heavy and the rook us abook with its heavy and travelength.

in their depths and make the most of them while they last.

Harvey was in no trouble this time, but was in high give over a sight that for the moment took us shack with its beauty and strangeness. The yard, the drift, and the dull brick walls were softly illuminated in the mellow but fervent light that walls on all sides from what seemed a miniature Eskimo snow hut beside the drift. This edifice, built, as we presently discovered, of large loosely made snowhalts was in shape an elongated half sphere set on its base, being perhaps four feet high by two and a half feet in diameter at the base. Its walls drew together as they rose, closing at the rounded top. It was as luminous as a porcelain lamp globe, but its glow was varied by delicate shadings caused by the curves and inequalities of the balls of snow and bright shafts and gleams where light from within came here and there through an open chink. By the side of this glowing catra stood Edith, the Swedish maid of all work, tail, slander, and blond of hair and skin. Harvey at her side stood rapt in the joy of his cold flaming mound, but the girl looked up laughing.

What on earth is that, Edith? called out my host through the open window.

It is a sno lykta. What you call it in American? A lamp? A snow lamp—a light, her teeth flashing white as she laughed the more, what we make in Sweden, at home, the girls and the boya.

She made it this afternoon when the snow was damp in the sunshine, said my host's wife, who was in the secret. Then it from hard at nightfall. You ought to have seen how quickly she did it. It's a candle set up in it—do you see that little square hole in the bottom where she puts it in?—that makes the illumination. Would you believe that one candle could throw out such a light through snow! She made the sno piling up the snow laughing as she worked. She got it hullt, and then, por girl, of a sudden I missed the sound of her laughter, and looked to see her standing by the snow mound crying. It had brought to her so many memories of home.

Wash't

then, poor girl, of a sudden I missed the sound of her laughter, and looked to see her standing by the snow mound crying. It had brought to her so many memories of home.

"Wasn't this a strange scene for the heart of New York city? The snow lamp shining with that wonderful soft fiame light through translucent snow; the laughing Swede girl standing beside the drift, bareheaded, in her gay skirt and blue bodice, beside the delighted child; the dark surroundings of sombre brick house walls! Beyond these the steeple of the new Trinity Chapel stood carved against a cold sky, from which the winter stars looked down upon Swedish farms overseas in the far northeast, where youths and maidens perchance were gathered on many an eminence, laughing and calling and whispering in the glow of their snow lamps, or by the same mellow radiance signalling messages, well understood, to distant friends across wide vallers, dark pine forests, and sheeted lakes."

LILIES OF THE VALUET. How Florists Force Their Growth and Pro tract Their Beason of Blooming. There is an interesting and curious trade

between Germany and this country in the lily of the valley. Many thousands of these lily "pips," as they are called, the roots, each with a single tight-wrapped bud, are imported at this season earlier and later. As the habit of the plant is well known, and it may be counted upon to flower in from nineteen to twenty-two days after the pip has been planted in sand and placed in a forcing house the importers commonly make their contracts in advance with florists, and order in accordance with these contracts. The pips come over in the holds of the great steamers, twenty-five bunched together, tied with a vegetable fibre and wrapped in moss. with a vegetable fibre and wrapped in mose. They are thus delivered to the florists, and then transferred to the foreing house. In five or alx weeks from the time when the meaning-less looking pins have left their native German soil the exquisite spray of drooping white bells, and the sheaf of green leaves is adorning the jacket of some young woman as she trips down Broadway.

When the pips are first planted in sand they must be placed over steam pipes for the sake of the bottom heat, and kept continuously in a high temperature until the blossom is pretty well advanced. They are then removed from the pipes in order that the time of blooming may be protonged. They are ordinarily planted in rough, shallow pine boxes, and pretty after epray is cipped off as it is needed for bouquets, or roots and all are transferred in clumps for potting. The plants in the original pine boxes are much less attractive than the blossom when made into a bouquet.

Many thousands of these illies are cultivated in the open air. They may be set out that as they arrive from Germany at almost any time of year, and they resist frost with perfect hardiness. The out-door lifes bloom in the spring and continue the season for the florists after the crop of the foreing houses has been exhausted. When these out-door bloomers will have been exhausted, and sent their at a low temperature for wesks or perhaps for months. The development of the plants is thus arrested, and some weeks before the time when the out-toor bloomers will have been exhausted, part of the plants is thought for the and either forced inducts or permitted to develop mormally in the open air. In this way the season is further extended.

Florists find that the file of the valley is most difficult to manage for autumn flowering. The period of development is then at least twenty days and the flowers are upon the whole less satisfactory than in winter and apring.

Boaltiful as the flowers are upon the whole less satisfactory than in winter and apring.

Boaltiful as the flowers are up They are thus delivered to the florists, and

TAKING GREAT LIBERTIES.

AN ODD WAY OF GRITING BELF FOR A BROOKLYN CHARITY.

Philanthropiets Who Argue that No O.a. Can Be Sure of His Baughter's ratery, Therefore All Should A'd the Patten, The householders of the city of Brooklyn are now being canvassed for aid for a well-established and doubtless worthy charity by means of circulars, papphiets, and subscription blanks. This task which should be a gracious one, has fallen into the hands of persons astonishingly devoid of sensibility and wanting in taste. Whoever they are, they have succeeded in throwing a bombshell into thou-sands of respectable homes and in arousing such indignation as the readers of THE Stv can Lest measure in their own minds when they read title literature for themselves. Bedesigned to succor women in distress, the circular seeks to arouse the keen personal interest of each parent by warning him or her that, however "safe" the daughters in each house may " seem," nevertheless they may yet become deprayed and "wild and wayward"-in fact, borrowing a phrase which the most erotle writers of the time have rendered disgusting - the parents are asked what they will do if their girls "love not wisely but too well" Here is the exact language of this pamphiet which is sent under cover in the name of char-

From the sale shelter of your fireside it does not seem as if your child could meet an unioward fate.

Yet, if she is wild and wayward, is your heart ready to forgive her even the worst! If she loves 'not wisely but too well,' will you care for her when she has been thrown aside as a worthless toy! When, widowed and penniless, she would return to your door, the auffarer from a headstrong and ill-advised marriage, will you admit her to your devastated home again to receive

tone. And then she went out to get something ing after her with a smile. "She is wonder-fully taken with him. She is a -she is a good

girl, Papist or no Papist," he added. I am not sure that he would have endersed

gan to thank him. A word and she troke down. Pooh, child!" Peter said kindly, patting her

give it. But I am alone, and I have nothing worth your acceptance. I have nothing in the world, unless," she added with an effort, " you would like my rosary."
"No," Peter said almost roughly. I noticed that he avoided my eye. "I do not want it. It

She said she had nothing; we knew she had that chain! Yet heaven knows her face as she said it was fair enough to converta Beza! She said she had nothing; we knew she had. Yet if over genuine gratitude and thankfulness What I could not stomach was the ingrati-

tude. The fraud was too gross, too gratuitous; for she need have offered nothing. I turned away and went out of the forge without waiting for her to recover herself. But, after all, it was nothing to me. The girl was a Papist, a fair outside, she proved to be at heart what every reasonable man would expect to find head. Yet the affair did trouble me. The false

things to think of.

You had your warning." I answered e oldly. turning with him up the street, every window and doorway in which had its occupant. Dietz nd two or three Councillors followed us, the Minister's face looking flushed and angry and

I felt a degree of strangeness myself. The place seemed changed.
I comforted myself with the reflection that all would be well when I reached the presence. But I was mistaken. I saw indeed my lady's color come and go when I entered, and her eyes felt. But she kept her seat, she looked no more at me than at my companions, ahe utered no greeting or acknowledgment. It was the Waldgrave who spoke—the Waldgrave who stood there to parjon or punish, praise or biams—and not my lady. And I resented it.

Not that his first words to me were not words of kindness.

the guilty. My lord!" Hofman cried, in such a burry and trepidation I could have laughed. I trust there are none here."
At any rate, you represent them," the Waldgrave retorted.
I.my lord?" the Mayor stammered.
Aye, you; or why are you here?" the Waldgrave answered. I understand you came to offer such amends as the town can make, and your lady accept."
Poor Hofman's law fell at this statement of his position.

Your lady accept."

Poor Hofman's jaw fell at this statement of his position.

"Well." the Waldgrave said, after a pause, "Well." the Waldgrave said, after a pause, as you seem to have nothing to say and judgment must ultimately come from your lady, I will proceed at ones to declare it. And. firstly, it is her will. Master Burgomaster, that within forty-eight hours you present to her on behalf of the town a humble petition and apology acknowledging your fault, and that the same be entered on the town records."

"It shall be done." Master Hofman cried. His eagerness to assent was laughable.

"Secondly, that you pay a fine of a hundred gold ducats for the benefit of the children of the men wantonly killed in the riot."

"It shall be done." Master Hofman said, but this time not so readily.

"And lastly," the Waldgrave continued, in a very clear voice. "that you deliver up for execution two in the market place, one at the foot of the castle steps, and one at the Wast Gata, for a warning to all who may be disposed to oftend agains, four of the principal offenders in the late riot.

"My lord" the Mayor cried, aghast.

ity broadcast into the homes of Brooklyn: YOUR DAUGHTER,

your bounty as before she left you?
God grant you may! De not turn away your ewn
flesh and blood, as you hope for your own admittance

to your Father's home, after your lifetime's mistakes and sins.

The ruln of young girls having been discussed in this free and philosophical way as a thing quite likely to happen in the home of the mother who receives the circular, the writer next thrusts upon her attention the other alternative in the life of ner daughter a headstrong and unhappy marriage. The circular then goes on to state that for girls who become worthless toys, but who have no devastated home to which to return, the institution in question has been established. There, the writer continues, under the heading "Your Daughter," such girls "may learn that one sin is not to be a lifelong curse; that she need not go to yet lower degradation, but can be

Daughter," such girls "may learn that one sin is not to be a lifelong curse; that she need not go to yet lower degradation, but can be lifted up to take equal place with the man who has been her undoing; that she has sinned no more than he and is entitled to respect if she will work for it."

The writer goes further, and, after asking if some pure young daughter of the reader has not died, proceeds to conjure with that death as a means of getting sid for the outcasts and the friendless. Finally the parent is questioned as to whether" there is a daughter that his heart has yearned for that has never come;" if so, the mother or father is asked in the name of this ideal child to consider the claims of those who have disgraced or devastated their home. The appeal ends, as it begins, with a warning that the daughters of the nice folks of Brooklyn who receive the circulars may yet stand in need of such an institution as this: "He generous," says the writer, showing even less regard for grammar than for the feelings of his readers, "else the time may come when one you would help and could if our work may continue, must suffer ignominy, shame and want of care because we are not."

Nobody's feelings, in or out of this asylum, seem to be considered, and nobody's helplessness is spared by this astonishing circular. Some of the inmates are declared to be honest wives, yet the dominant tone of the circular emphasizes the cases of ruined young girls. The feelings of the helpless householder whe finds upon his breakfast table the warning that his daughter is likely to bring diagrace upon him are no better guarded, and finally the writer proceeds to deal with the work people about the building with a sweep of the pen that makes it impossible to separate the good from the erring in the sight of whoever may afterward visit the piacs.

"Within the doors of the linstitution," he says, "many find a permanent home. For a dozen yoars the cooking was done by one who had come to receive our care. There she remained until her child was

She sat, a child of only fourteen, in the nursery ward, among the little nameless children under two years of age that played on the floor or lay upon the white cuts that line the room. Size was crecheting, and it needed not the eye of experience to see at once that, though a child in years, she was a woman to suffer. Her chestnut hair, "sunning over with curis," was bent above her work, and when we passed through the room she

did not look up.

Her mother was a laundress, and Ethel carried home
the clothes. She was a Sunday school scholar, and was very beautiful. Too beautiful to remain a perfecfower of maidenhood, and a ruthless hand that knew what would destroy the freshness of the bloom, pinca-ed it, and would have cast it into the dust, but it was brought to the deor of the (asylum) to be shielded and

restored to beauty if possible.

The girl's mother insisted that the young man should marry ber, child though she was, and the pastor of the church where they attended was called upon to urge the marriage and perform the ceremony. He did so, and Ethel gave to her child a name, and when from the [asylum] doors she went to life and home and youth, her young husband realized that all the possibilities of home might be theirs, though no such thing had been in his heart before. He placed their child with a role-tive of his own, and Kthei has been sent to a good school to receive the advantages that should be here. and when time has passed she can, as a cultured we man, come to her husband to reign over his home, better and wiser for the bitter lesson and more able to help and sympathize with those tempted as she was ble was cared for by the [asylum]; her marriage * as brought about through its workings, and if good has been done to her, has not the greater sinner, her be

trayer, received his lesson, too ! This story is presumably told in order that the average Brooklyn father and mother who have pondered the warning called Your Daughter," may be cheered by the thought that when their girl falls the asylum will harbor her and print the story of her ruin, with her name at the top. The next story is called:

"A MAN'S FORS SHALL THEY HE OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD." Hattle, too, was a little girl, only 12 years old when her tragedy began and the destroyer of her life was one on whom her parents had bestowed the most boundless hospitality. A married man with invalid wife and child, he had been taken to flattle's bounc to be assisted through fluencial troubles and supported until he should be once mure upon his feet. The child. Hattie, he made a great pet and she soon became his tool and playtning. He at last removed his family from the place of shelter, having received his benefits to the utimes, and in the course of time his wife died. Meanwhile listic was coming to the plane where "the brook and river meet," but still the influence of the serpent pursued her, and she was a willing victim to come at his call. He married again, and yet he sould set leave his prey, and the end came at last. No one believed the true state of the case, and the asylum deers were opened to care for as great a human sacrifice as wis opened to care for as great a human eacrifice as was everoffered. She was then only fitness years old, and her parents were wild and heartbroken, and almost proyectabe might dim. Who shall not say a prayer of thankfulness that there was not a ficker of a little life left to be ramembered; that Hattie herself never knew what had haubened to her, but that she can ge to her home and he again the child of her parents, with perfect health, the sinned against not the am ning, and no one the wiser among her own circle of friends, sare her parents and the man who lives to meet the puntalment which is cromined. Yearpunce meet the punishment which is cromised. "Vengence is mine, I will repay saint the Lord." This is one branch of the agram's work-not be shield withtorime, but to help the unfortunate to begin again.

These extracts are sufficient to show the character of the appeals that are mailed to the Brooklyn homes and that many remark as carrying insult wherever they go. The name of the institution is withheld because there is no need to add to the harm that must result to it from this injudicious work of its spokesman. The main thing is to call attention to a common abuse of the privileges of those who are the self-constituted friends of the weak and the wicked. There is a great deal of this sort of license in the guine of massion work or of charity, but in this capacial case the gibness and the disregard for the tenderset feelings of humanity of those who indulge in this license, certainly are attress